

The Voice

"Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys"

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Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
And they'd rather give you a song than diamonds or
gold
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis

And each night begins a new day
And if you don't understand him and he don't die
young
You'll probably just ride away

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks
Make 'em be doctors and lawyers and such

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love

Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms, clear mountain
mornings
Little warm puppies and children, girls of the night
And them that don't know him won't like him and them
that do

Sometimes won't know how to take him
He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let
him
Do things to make you think he's right

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